CANADA

Seventy Years Ago

BY

J. P. MERRITT

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SEVENTY YEARS AGO,

OR

Prince Edward's

VISIT TO NIAGARA.

DEDICATED TO THE VISITORS AT NIAGARA FALLS,

BY

J. P. MERRITT.

THIRD EDITION.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

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INTRODUCTION.

Through glare and dust at evening's hour
Say, you have reached the gorge of power,
The headlong haste they did pursue
Arrested, you a picture view.

A picture to which the opposing rays,
Of Sol on moving water lays
Noiseless and clear, without a glare—
Unawed, as when too close you are.

Be not in haste to approach the wonder,
But like the lightning without thunder,
Arrest your course, view it awhile,
And with my lay your time beguile

Ye denizens of cities, list, I pray
To this rough measure of a sylvan lay
Though one from foreign lands in this I bring,
'Tis not of courts, a people rude I sing.

Forget not ye who now in palace car,
Ride swiftly, smoothly to the scene from far.
How hard it was the way for them to tread,
Who o'er this forest darkened road first sped,

Think not this epic for the scene too high,
Niagara can with all the Grecian valleys vie;
In this the thought directed to as far between
As is this spot from the farthest you have been.

When up the gorge a mile or two you ride,
And reach this wonder on the Canada side,
And while from coach to elevator step,
Prepared to see the myriads of water leap.

Look back and see yon gossamer span,
Work, great as earth displays of man;
A train disturbs the cataract's roar,
Soon it rolls on—that sight is o'er.

It's past; and grandeur as of yore
Reigns, ruler of the scene once more,
Improvements cease to intervene,
When cataract alone is seen.

Regard again a Fall whose power,
Existed ages as this hour,
And will to future ages last,
As strong as now, and as the past.

What spot imposing more to stand,
And drink the water from your hand,
While Iris tips the rough rocks now,
And leaves are waving round your brow.

No vigorous shoot obstructs the way,
No wood's inhabitant strikes with dismay,
Cleared all those terrors from the road
O'er which in their reverse our fathers trod.

PART I.

DEBARKATION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Long time laborious at the oar
Had toiled a crew who now no more
With earliest dawn, with latest night,
Had stem'd the stream with skill and
might.

With pole to push and rope to tow
Up rapids and swift currents go;
Escaped they have the tedious river,
Accompanied by its labors ever.

The summer's past and nearly o'er,
The pleasant time of sun and shower,
Some misty days had hid the sun
As if his conquering season'd run.

And days resplendent do appear,
As brighter he'd the season cheer,
And then a crimson flush o'ercast,
As if that bright hue was to last

But yet it is the heretic glow
That brightens loveliest—ere we go
Alternately, as joy and grief,
That comes before the fall of leaf.

Canadian youths in contest spend
Their time, and thus their manners
mend,
Magazines, nor novels they peruse,
But with the song themselves amuse.

Work over now, hours to employ,
Time to fill up and not destroy;
Recumbent they await the gale,
Impatiently to raise the sail.

A tasteful contest their repast,
And to the dark their strife doth last,
The French Canadian boatmen sing,
And make the neighboring landing
ring.

Arcadian youths in contest spend
Their time, and thus their manners
mend;
Milebean strains are their repast;
Late in the night their contests last.

Trav'lers on shore pleased umpires
are,
While listening to the wordy war;
And then in contest they engage,
A similar strife of words they wage.

VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

The furs that warm us and the lights
that cheer,
We owe them both unto the land so
drear,
Where whale and walrus through
the seas do roll,
That circle round the distant icy pole.

The wild moose fattens by the icy
lake,
The timid leveret browse upon the
brake;
And there the trapper bold, all win-
ter long,
By that white lake watches the beaver
throng.

In hopes the winter o'er, well-filled
his barque,
He needs to watch no more white lake,
with borders dark;
But that returned upon St. Lawrence
shores,
May its cheerful waters see upon his
gotten stores.

In storms without, while all within is
joy;
No fears of want or care his peace
destroy;
With many cheerful, happy friends
to see,
Music, the jovial dance and revelry.

SECOND VOYAGEUR'S SONG

Oh! from that dismal, dreary shore,
Keep me from journeying evermore,
Where gloomy swamps, with treach-
'rous ice,
Engulf the wight, beavers entice.

Where currents round the bays do
flow,
With fields of sunken ice below;
No streams the tide of commerce bear
To cities on its banks that are.

And when the sun upon scene
Less period gives the nights between,
We leave the rivers, swamps and floes,
And not till then we we find repose.

In song again the first makes his refrain:
I'm on the snow! I'm on the snow!
The blue above, the white below,
And silence whereso'er I go.

My team well-matched, I'm sure to beat
Any cariole I chance to meet;
Where I love to go, thro' an even row.
I'm on the snow—I'm on the snow.

With cheerful bells,
Across the mountains, plains and dells,
With fur robes warm, preserved from harm,
What care I whether it shine or storm.

The joyous sleigh-ride still is mine,
My dogs I train to the gliding car,
I go where no intruders are.

CHORUS—I'm on the snow, &c.

It is pleasant in the winter time to go,
When the broad earth is covered with snow,
Upon the lake or pond's broad breast,
That like a creature is taking rest.

Tied by the bond of rigid frost,
Where late it was with surges toss't,
To bind on the feet the slippery skate,
Strike o'er its plain at a fearful rate.

To shoot far o'er the glassy ice,
And make with the skate the curved device.
Those who on earth do slowly go,
Know not the joys the skaters know.

The joyful flood that thro' the veins
Exulting throbs, as he inward reins;
Then away, away, by the sloping glade,
Or by the wood, with its darkning shade.

Till, tired of sport, one homeward hies,
And looks on the world with kinder eyes;
Looks about him and up with grateful mind,
For an hour of pleasure so refined.

When the frost of age my limbs hath bound,
May I be in a snow wreath found;
For the snow to me a bed hath been
More soft than downy couch has seen,
And spread the blue vault with riches o'er
Than e'er had painted roofs before

His opposing friend yet once again,
In praise of settlements awakes the strain,
And keeps the active contest on,
Touching the subject he's upon;
My thoughts are where I'd like to be
When the storms of life have visit'd me;
With a large stove warm, preserved from harm,
From dangers free, no more I roam,
For I'm at home, for I'm at home.

Battle the elements as they may,
I've left my wanderings many a day;
A storm may rise and the winds may blow—
What matter? I've no where to go;
No where to go, no more I roam,
For I'm at home—for I'm at home.

FIRST TRAVELLER.

The camp fire shed its ruddy glow,
Its shadows danced the trees among,
And all the west was fire below,
Translucent with the setting sun.

Two wanderers all pensive sat,
Their aspect towards the east they cast,
And they in mutual strains relate
Each to his fellow, 'plaints he cast.

Why did I leave my native strand,
This almost verge of earth to gain?
Why did I leave my pleasant land
To take this voyage o'er the main?

The days pass by, weeks disappear,
And yet the distant verge's the same,
Nor o'er associates appear,
Nor friend that I can call by name.

Why trusted I the syren's strain?
Why noticed I her treacherous beck?
Were dangers more not there to gain
Without enduring total wreck?

Could not His Majesty me give
A post worthy ambition's fire,
Where I in fields of marshalled foes
Could show the valor such inspire?

A savage oft with glistening eye
Around our watch-fire nightly prowls,
Silently our state doth spy,
While distantly the wild wolf howls.

The foe who keeps yon verge so tame
My form this moonlight night will show,
And quickly by his steady aim
Shall lay my new-fledged honors low.

Perhaps full sure his aim he'll give,
My sacrifices they will know,
In after ages I shall live
And Westminster a scroll bestow.

Perhaps a wound the boon recall
I shall from Majesty receive,
No joy so great, come friendly ball,
Benumbed, my frame no pain shall feel.

SECOND TRAVELLER.

One who had also viewed the scene
In other light this answer gave ;
One who had longer dweller been
Regarded it with thoughts less grave.

With you the memory of the past,
It's pressed thro' fragrant flowers ;
The moss that clothes its broken walls,
The ivy of its towers
I love ; but yet this scene
Presents a sight to me that's green.
We've mountains and hills, but's to see them,
We've valleys and rivulets around,
Barrens and morasses but's to flee them,
Sunny hill sides ever abound.

The prospect you say it is gloomy,
For yet it recalls where we've been ;
The country abounds, land is roomy,
And hope it will brighten the scene.

Thro' the dark wood's dome I love to roam
In a day serene and clear,
When all around no sight of man
Or his labors doth appear.

To saunter along through the canopied woods,
Amid the brave old trees,
While their bare, still branches stand aloft,
Unmoved by a single breeze.

To sit me down on some mossy bank,
By the root of some time-worn tree,
And with his fellows around me there
Converse most socially.

What time was it when ye commenced
Your leafy tops to raise ?
What age was it when ye commenced
To pierce the azure skies ?

Were centuries three or four
When you began to grow ?
Did ye supplant some other stock ?
Couldst speak, ye only know.

Or do you count by cycles ?
Have periods passed along,
Since you began to raise your tops,
A broad and leafy throng ?

Your sires—were they above the ground
When Rome's primeval race
Commenced their arduous struggle,
Time's historic page to grace ?

Speak ! for your time has come at last
When down your race must cease,
For I have heard the axeman's ring
That makes your race give place.

Thus passed the time between them all,
Nor finished was the contest quite
To break the charm each friend was loth
Till passed the evening into night.

The breeze now freshened, another care
Attracts those who contestants were,
And to make ready all prepare,
And soon aroused, were all astir.

EMBARKING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

St. George's pennant rises high
But the first time in western sky ;
As from the barge of voyageur,
Rapids all passed, and now secure
Steps one, who not afraid of danger,
More to the barge than brig'sa stranger.

Promptly the anchor up they hie,
The winds in favor quickly fly ;
Swiftly passed is *Desalle's stone fort,
Once the explorer's famed resort ;
Nor dreams of India filled the mind,
By him alas ! too soon designed.
As the staunch vessel onwardflies,
What charming land before us lies ?
"Prince Edward's" that, the guide replied,
Nor maps have yet that fact denied.

* Now Kingston.

The day passed on, with it declined
The favor of the eastern wind ;
At last the moon takes up her place,
Does the neighboring islets favoring grace ;
Charming abode for chieftain's daughter,
Those trees among that grow from water. †

The night breeze freshening from the land,
Causes once more sails to expand,
An early morning dawns before
The barrier of an opposing shore.
The fleecy clouds slowly expand,
And shows a creek with cleared land.
An eastern swell had raised the sea,
Which now the son of Neptune'd flee ;

A ready barge their wants supply,
Soon up a quiet pond they ply,
A settler prompt as words arise.
A knowledge of the land supplies.

ORIGIN OF "SMOKY HOLLOW."

Imposed you have illustrious guest a task
To raise with feeble means oblivion's mask,
And of a country tell so illy known,
A settlement that but twelve years hath grown.

Hard is the task you lay, but then
I must the trials of heroic men
Relate, of those who toiled this land to make,
For which their pleasant home they did forsake.

To clear the woods and make of deserts wild,
Of "forest deserts" where the sun ne'er smiled,
A peopled country, op'ed to the expanse of heaven,
Filled with the bounteous fruits by Providence given.

And how of old when France's power
Rose in the north and towards the south did pour,
'Gainst whom ? Up to our rangers then,
Scoured the dark woods a band of venturous men.

How with each Nova Scotia's son,
The early contest seawards was begun,
Would favoring time allow to tell
What deeds of daring them befel.

Suffice it, if from so great a theme
I take an humbler part, nor shame, it deem,
To tell of a small spot and of a little band
Who came and settled 'mong the first the land ;
Perhaps enlarge and on the subject draw,
And tell of all we heard, or read, or saw.

In Mohawk's large and fertile vale,
A German race the flats assail,
Whose quiet habits you may trace
From traditions of the ancestral race ;
Among the friends of Britain's name,
A veteran band from eastward came,
And "Butler's Rangers" was their name.
Much has been said and more might still
Of what they've done, both good and ill ;
I lack the time, had I the will
Them to unfold, am therefore still.

Of all the land they took the pick,
Where, 'twixt high banks there runs this creek,
On chosen spot, foundation lays,
And each one's house together raise.

From deep woods towards un'customd skies
A hamlet's smoke doth quickly rise ;
Soon in the wilds new scenes appear,
Where once the beech his top did rear,
Now levelled to the ground they are,
And the rich earth obeys man's laboring care.

† Toronto

When now the din of war is o'er,
And their hands no more imbrued in gore,
They quiet settled, raised large shoals of boys,
Whose simple lives replete with wild wood joys.

The old men settled down, their life
No more with trees they wage unequal strife ;
But whether 't was from huge fires raised,
Which caused the new ones to be amazed :
Or whether from their pipes, as some do say
That from the door or chimney wends its way ;
Be't as it may, the people give the name
Of "Smoky Hollow," not without its fame.

The women spin to pass the day,
The children 'neath the trees do play,
And rural toil with rural joy,
The cheerful time of all employ.

PART II.

VISIT TO NIAGARA.

With gracious thanks the Prince replied,
And tokens worthy, more supplied.
The eastern wind had changed to north,
Tossed were the billows in their wrath.

He who had steered upon the ocean
His ship, now felt the wild commotion
While buffetting opposing wind,
The light of day had ne'er declined.

When winding round a point once more,
They see an opening in the shore,
Briefly conflicting waves oppose,
And then the barque find calm repose

A greeting on the land they find,
To which they were not disinclined ;
The hospitality of their host they test,
Nor are due honors spared their guest.

A friendly table broad is laid,
And dainties from afar displayed,
The forest did its game afford,
Rich venison crowned the ample board.

The friendly greeting hand first shook,
The feast the royal toast partook,
The night with dance and cards dispose,
And daylight dawned before repose

The morn had brought them from the fort,
Where stored within its ample halls,
Spoils of the traders who there resor.
For safety to its staunch stone wallst

Where naval men before resort,
In council grave the Governor sat,
Nor had the council raised yet,
Debating on the new Land Grant.

Nor they alone, the the Indian band,
To meet their eastern friends resort,
Together with one heart and hand,
The title to their land support.

The Governor sat to say a word,
Respectful stood they all,
Completely still was every sound
In that debating hall.

You left your home and country,
The land where you were born,
The happy land of childhood,
Of manhood's early dawn.

The rock-clothed, grassy hills,
The waving corn-grown plain,
Where naught reached you of the ills
Which now to you remain.

And well you summed the cost,
You would not bear the ready taunt
Nor brook, when all was lost,
To have the scornful finger cast.

Tory is he from old and young,
Expressed with laugh and jeer ;
The thought that through your strong
frames run
Was not the thought of fear.

Then to the wilds and to the stream
Your precious charge you trust,
And look unto the western realms
For the reward that's due the just.

Towards them and their dark isles
then
You cast your troubled, anxious ken,
And feeling that to keep you up
You need all—be vigorous men.

Butler Johnson, with you I leave
Claus, Tenbroeck and Paulding too,
I trust in friendship you'll remain,
And each to all prove true.

Wait yet I fear my trusty friends
When all finished in our cause,
The differences of settlers
Oft will cause to break the laws.

Give ye my friends the Sheriff aid,
Regard ye his command,
The laws when made must be obeyed,
Then lend a helping hand

Nor fear in want to suffer here,
For barges still will ply
Up every creek, up every pond,
Your wants they shall supply.

I now toward our new bourne tend.
Beverly, Fay, Jones with me,
Brant now, once Johnson's friend,
Our firm and staunch ally.

A shout arose from the brave band,
A shout that rent the skies,
And towards the chief who rose,
Alike were turned all eyes.

Simcoe's Rangers.

A gregarious crowd around the door
With various surmises the scene re-
hearse,
They filled the ample court before,
And of the coming grants discourse.

Fiercer now the contest wore,
For Simcoe's about to take his way
Westward, to lay out acres more,
And make the acres broad his follow-
ers pay.

A noise is heard, a settler calls,
A hurrying here and there they come,
Adown the stairs and through the hall,
Still'd was the sound and hushed the
hum.

Nor pageant's wont to grace the scene,
Nor men with lace, scarlet and blue,
Staffmen and voyageurs I ween,
All wait, the great man's will to do.

But first in visage doth appear,
A veteran band in martial mien,
Their steeds are poor, tarnished
their gear;
But rare a goodlier band is seen.

He passed on until the serried band
Before the house had met his eye,
Saluting with uplifted hand,
With eye elate, which all did spy.

He turned and spoke one other word,
Respectful stood they all,
And as he spoke there could be heard
The noiseless pin drop fall.

Companions of my arms, he said,
I know the hardships that ye bear,
I know the heart that keeps you up,
I know the men ye are.

But now towards the west I go,
For you my friends new land to bear,
And for my faithful followers, so
New and happy homes prepare.

First to the Mohawk station
With blankets a good store,
Nor ever yet has Britain's band
Forgot the Sagamore.

The pressing crowd the chief sur-
rounds,
Sympathetic glances cast.
And make the neighboring banks
resound
With shouts, that echoing last.

He mounts and westward takes his way
The loud huzza from the veteran band
Arose, and all him heard do pray
Success attend bold Simcoe's hand.

For a brave man was "Simcoe,"
And a brave band were they,
Strive they till the strife is o'er,
And then the work repay.

They felt the toils of war require
From one that doth command
Returns, and well did Simcoe pay
The true devotion of his band.

For soldiers fight and soldiers die,
Till they decide the day,
And then the sword into a plough,
The spear a hook make they.

PART III.

VOYAGE UP THE RIVER.

Niagara, may I, as I onward go,
My verse like thee in smoother numbers flow,
Catch the refrection of thy azure wave,
Some truth recall, and from oblivion save.

Observation from the realm of mind,
Suggested and in this task designed,
Increase the interest, and attention gain,
As voyaging onward we reach the boundless main.

Into a strong raiment brought,
And like a garment of fine tissue wrought,
Or built on nature's ground, consistence gain,
And of a nation's birth a monument remain.

A people's chronicles, compared how small,
Like the first streamlet of thy mighty fall,
Convince the mind and stir the sympathies,
Catch thy reflection from the azure skies.

The impression stamped as vivid, but as true
As thy far font, beyond the Huron blue,
Nor at the present we alone remain,
But like thee travel till we reach the main.

At length a barge the party reached,
To mount the stream each nerve was stretched,
And when the centre flood was gained,
Slow progress upward they attained;

Why was't? The same spot on the shore
Added regret to them the more;
And when impatience forced to wait,
Reproached the current with their fate.

The barge propelled by laboring oar
Glides by itself along the shore,
The change at once awakes surprise,
The question and reply arise.

The guide at hand to his desires,
The knowledge gives that he requires;
The current passing downward ever
By opposing points is turned up river.

Where doth this chasm vast disclose?
Where issuing out, the water flows,
A whirlpool sweeps with noiseless might,
That stoutest hearts it might affright.

For tree or barque within its eddy
Sails round and round in circles steady,
And once in this, the shore again,
Your bark nor you shall e'er attain.

Fort Niagara 100 Years Ago

The sun was rising, and the hour
When thought exerts its magic power,
His rays cast on Niagara's banks
Revealed its trees in neighboring ranks.

The cloud of distant cataract gave
Back to the sight a scene less grave.
Edward, who yet had much to learn
Of wild woods, stands upon the stern,

Ardent and bold the ocean's child
He'd trust the deep, and shun the wild;
His friend and guide those thoughts opined,
Then to remove his skill designed.

See you where trees less dense in ranks,
Betoken clearings on the banks.
To one like this we turn our prow,
Patiently wait, we go not now.

Wait till I tell you how we fought,
And gave the French their final rout,
Niagara round—leagured we stand,
Decided at the Chief's command.

Now as July passed quickly by,
And "Sol" darts arrows from the sky;
And when men look in vain for aid
The dubious trial of the sword assayed.

How lined in ranks promptly they try
The issue; then the Frenchmen fly
Back to their fort, and there
Await the verdict of protacted war.

And then the sun the scene illumed,
And then our force the siege resumed;
At length the aid long looked for comes;
No greeting shout, no beating drums;

But stealthily their guile pursue,
The fort to gain, and shun our view.
The sentinel of outpost stands,
With gun reclining in his hands;

A crack is heard from neighboring wood,
His ear it catches, that bodes no good,
It is the deer—listless he droops,
Nor heeds the approach of hostile troops.

A pause ensues, and there is heard no more,
Naught but the sound of cataract's roar,
His thoughts are wandering forth afar,
To Mohawk's banks, where naught's of war;
The solemn music to his ear
Seems like the tread was used to hear.

Ere war was earnest, and idle boys
To train were wont, with boisterous noise;
And all the neighborhood resort,
To enjoy a day of country sport.

The clouds break off, the wind once more
Drives inward to the neighboring shore,
They seem to drive those trees along,
Like them a dense and serried throng.
A cannon from the fort awakes his trance,
Before him sees the marshal'd hosts of France.
He from the bark to shore doth land,
And following goes the portage band,
The Falls not yet had met his eyes,
The voyage pursuing, Edward hies.

Fire-Water and Falling Water.

Forward the word, portage half passed,
And men and oxen painfully tasked;
When nearing now the cataract meet
A denizen of the woods complete.
Accosted fair, the wild man stood,
And half laid off his savage mood.
When we, the red men, held command,
Silence prevailed o'er all the land,
Nor scared the wild bird from the wave,
Nor ceased the deer his sides to lave,
The white man trod along the way,
And then was drove our game away;
Their constant passing by the flood;
Deprived us of our ample food;
The buffalo binds he to his load,
And trails trees on where once men trod.

You see those bleached bones through the wood!
The remnants of the buzzard's food;

We met them once on their careless way,
And then our wrongs did amply pay.
The sight was that the blood to freeze,
And yet the savage seemed to please.
As spake his form, delate with pride,
The voyageur's load he casual spied;
Kegs with their stores, along the track
Were borne in wagons, and on back.

Was changed the native of the soil,
As gazing on the voyager's toil.
"Fire-water" up the billows came,
Have scarcely left us now a name?
If with you came this pest not here
We would not now so disappear;
Our greatest foe made us forlorn,
A nation by its breath is gone.
Finished his speech, his gun he takes
And through the woods quick steps he makes;
And like his race whose end so near,
Through the dark woods to disappear.

As forward of his convoy goes,
The presence of a fall he knows.
Needless to say surprise, not wonder,
A mountain seemed as torn asunder,
Like a vision before him passed,
The scene upon his eye so vast.

Resounding flood, surrounding wood,
Astonished as at distance stood—
When first to traveller's anxious eyes
Appeared this fall—vast thoughts arise.

Forgive if to his 'stonished ken
More grand appeared the cataract then;
Forgive if as too careless pass'd
The first explorer's views were vast.

The convoy came, the camp they make,
And of a generous supper take;
Then each one's course he does pursue,
And separate round the Falls they view.

A ladder of a pine tree made,
To reach the foot affords its aid,
They ne'er before the like did see,
Till then, such grandeur, all agree.

Back to Niagara and Wild Flowers.

Late in the day the company find
The clearing past in woods that it confin'd,
As now the escort to the wood
Parting, upon the clearing stood,
Struck at all sights when all are rare,
And idly sauntering here and there.

And backwards turned along the road,
No more in clearing friends are heard,
It contained a cottage hid with green;
Tho' humble, admired was the scene,
The cottage all that summer day
Detained the company. And away
Scarce could the pleasant party break,
And onward still their journey take.

Long at the landing lay the barge,
Long there his crew true to their charge;
And still it seemed as if a spell
Had bound him—and to say farewell,
Why still so hard, he could not tell.

You ask a bouquet to bestow
Of flowers that in our wilds do grow,
When summer cheers the glorious scene
With blossoms interspersed with green

Accept this simple nosegay here,
From one not distant would appear,
No perfumed flowers give I to you,
Our flowers are scentless but yet true;
They smell but slight, but yet they show
As deep a dye as those you grow.
Despise not the productions of the wild,
The cultivated man was once a child.
If this, my floral gift, should please,
A liberty allow to add with these;
As they may meet due favor in your eyes,
A sentiment conveyed may also prize.
So self-denying acts may move,
And approbation follow fruits of love.
Grant me the wish, as summer crowns the year
Changes flower to fruit the sight to cheer,
As the revolving season onward flows,
A winter garnished with richest fruit that grows.

The day was breaking, and the time
When nature shows in all her prime,
And Edward now the journey o'er,
Wished through wilds he'd wander more.
Musing thus he inward spake,
Shall commercial toils this silence brea ?
Thought oft how men would down the spell;
And business on the affections tell.

Then from the camp ere "Sol" arose
To break the scene of deep repose ;
There appeared a tenant of the wild
Along the bank, free nature's child,
From the high steep she quickly sped
And reached the fort with agile tread.

Surprised and pleased he views once more
The siren of the day before
As quick she pass'd, who art thou, maid ?
Sir William's daughter, sir, she said.
Retarded, brief her onward speed,
And to his short discourse gave heed.
Where go ye now ? where do ye hie ?
To Brant's quarters was the reply ;
Where they prepare the warlike feat,
And give our father's son a treat.
From thence go to the "Miami,"
From thence to the Auglaize ;
Where lit up is the council fires
Our Indian bands to raise.

A sigh escaped—he said no more,
This very day I leave your shore,
Never to see this land again,
I take my passage o'er the main.
My PROGENY may view this land,
I ne'er again shall press your strand.
One look she gave, the "traveller" learned
The interest he had early earned,
He lingers—saddened at the the thought,
And loth to break the feelings wrought.

Not long he mused until the sound
Arose from sleeping tents around
Of a hasty meal despatch is made,
And to return the troops arrayed.

Departure by Lake and River.

The farewell taken, the parting o'er,
Adieus returned from boat to shore ;
As they upon the billows bound,
Strains like this from shore resound.

Frail bark, my heart beats in pity for thee,
Unknowing the fate thou mayest see.
With bustle and shouting, with running and noise,
Your attention engages and your time employs ;
But when all is finished, the white sail ye raise,
And you cast on the land the last parting gaze,
You think of the dangers to your far distant home,
Talk of its comforts when no more you will roam,
The gulf lies between you with its dreary alarms,
The perils of ice and its dark winter storms,
But trust ye in Providence, He will procure
A landing of safety, a haven secure,
The pathway of honor still may you pursue,
More enduring than power will it prove to you ;
An obelisk firmer than brass will be found,
A name than emblazoned more ample resound.

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